The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor

NEW SERIES--VOL. 9. CAMBRIDGE, MD—SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 13, 1845. NUMBER 12.

DORCHESTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

TERMS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

At two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half yearly in advance. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, and where the number of insertions is not limited, they will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

POETRY.

THE HIGH DESTINY OF MAN.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

Author of "Wild Flowers of Poesy."

What is the flight of time to man
Whose soul is of ethereal birth;
Why should he mourn life's transient span?—
His rightful home is not on earth!
Born to a loftier destiny,
Imbued with attributes divine,
He triumphs o'er mortality
And rises from the reck of time!
The elements that form his frame,
Must soon dissolve as mountain snow,
But, Phœnix like, his soul of flame
Close o'er the mouldering dust shall glow—
Much I have borne "to be forgiven"
Which the cold world can never know,
Secret to me and Him in heaven,
(Who ever pities human woe—)
Still, let me cast a glance along
The darkened vista of my days;
Still, let me frame an artless song
Regardless of the voice of praise—
Oh, yet they come—those vanished dreams—
That hovered round my youthful head,
As the pale, mystic fire that gleams
Over the dwellings of the dead!
But, pass they from my mortal eye,
Fade every scene with beauty rife;
My hope is centered far too high
To wither with the things of life;
Heir of immortal life and bliss,
Shall I repine for human joys?
Yet clinging to a world like this?
Where mere possession, bliss destroys!
Over yon firmament of blue
Let midnight throw her dusky veil,
Shrouding the silver stars from view,
And mantling Luna's brow so pale;
Let them forever quench their fire—
Let this bright planet too be dark—
Bid mighty worlds in wreck expire—
No change can quench the "vital spark!"

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

The Young Rebel.—A Tale of the Carolinians:

BY J. MILTON SANDERS.

In a small farm-house, towards the close of the year 1780, sat an old man, his wife and only son. The face of the father appeared troubled; at times he looked thoughtfully on the floor, and then he would gaze long and wistfully at his son, a fine manly youth of twenty. At length he said:

"David, this is disastrous news from Camden.—God knows what will become of the country now! I wish this old wound I got in the French war had not lamed me—but for it, I should now be shouldering my musket and marching to defend my country."

Both the wife and son looked up at these words.—The old lady ceased knitting and gazed enquiringly at her boy, and it was evident, from the expression of her face, that patriotism and motherly affection were at variance in her bosom. The son, however, after encountering the eyes of his father for a moment, turned confusedly away. The old man's brow darkened, and he said warmly—

"David, David, why do you linger about the village when your country needs your services so much? why son, I am ashamed of you! Twice before this have I spoken to you on this subject, but you appear to have no spirit! What! will you see us trampelled upon by the brutal mercenaries of Britain, and still lie here supinely? For shame, David, for shame! I will not call you my son. Long since you ought to have been in the army,"

"Joshua, Joshua," interposed the old mother, "David is but a youth, then do not speak to him so harshly. He cannot feel what you feel, who have fought so often against our country's enemies—Joshua, he is but a boy."

"A boy, indeed, Deborah, such boys as David have already gained imperishable laurels since the war commenced. I could name a host of them! Why, were it not for the boys of this land, where would be our army, which, I dare say, is one quarter composed of boys of David's age." The old man was excited, and it was the first unkind word that he had ever used to his boy.

David arose and left the house. He walked some distance apparently in deep thought.

"What will not women do?" he at last muttered; "here I have been lingering about the village when I should have been off long ago. And for what? why to meet a pretty girl, and to listen to her musical voice: but now I will be myself again! What did he call me—was it not a *Coward*? Now, by heavens, I will learn him that he has a son who possesses the spirit of his father. Away, then, with love, for I feel that I am called upon to act, and no longer to dream! Ere a fortnight, my father shall hear from me or else I lose my life in striving for it." And with this resolution he turned about and retraced his steps.

When he reached home, he sought the stables, saddling his horse and mounting him, struck into a gallop which continued several miles. At length he stopped and looked at the windows of a farm-house, half hid between the clustering trees. This was the residence of Mary Bunker, the mistress of his heart; the lights showed that the family had not retired, and he resolved to pay her a visit before his departure.

She was alone when he entered, and a few words acquainted her of his determination. She burst into tears.

"Nay, Mary," he said, "you must not unman me. At first I resolved to leave you without a farewell, for I knew how much you dreaded my taking an active part in this struggle. But I could not be so cruel as to desert you without a word."

"I will compose myself," said the fair girl, with an effort to smile. "I know I have done wrong to persuade you to stay; but you cannot imagine the anxieties I suffer on account of my brothers, and I could not bear to have you encounter their danger. But since the dreadful defeat at Camden, I feel that every man is needed by our country. Go, then, dearest, and may God be with you. My prayers shall be with you night and day."

David pressed the now weeping girl to his bosom, snatched a hasty kiss at the sound of approaching foot steps, wrung her hand, and was gone.

The next day he left the neighborhood of his father's house, armed with a musket, and mounted on a sturdy horse. His destination was the American camp, then far to the northward; but as the intervening country was filled with the enemy, he knew there would be considerable address required to effect his purpose.—Before his departure he saw a few of his old playmates who promised to follow him as soon as possible.

Night found him near a lonely farm house, to which he proceeded boldly in pursuit of a lodging. At first the occupant received him coldly, but a chance expression convincing David that his host was a tory, he affected the same political creed, and was immediately warmly welcomed. The royalist produced his cider after supper, and insisted that David should join him in his potations; this the young man did, taking care, however, not to indulge too freely, while the farmer, overjoyed to find what he supposed a new recruit for his party, drank without stint, and became more and more communicative. To his horror, David soon learned that a party of royalists, led by a Maj. Wilson, celebrated for his toryism and ruthlessness, were to start early on the ensuing day on an expedition to seize and hang the two Bunkers, who had made themselves particularly obnoxious to the royalist leaders David knew enough of his partizan warfare to be assured that no mercy whould be shown his friends; he also knew enough of the character of the Major to suspect that some strong personal motive had led to the planning of so distant an expedition, when there were others as inviting nearer home. He accordingly set himself to discover from his half inebriated companion the truth. Nor was it long before success crowned his adroit cross examination.

"Why, you see," said the host, "I believe there's a little revenge for a slight received from these fellows' sister, mixed up with the Major's desire to catch the Bunkers. The girl is very pretty, they say, and the Major, when he was down there on a visit last year—before the war—wanted to marry her, but she would have nothing to say to him. Ever since, he has vowed to make her rue the day. You may depend on it he will have her on his own terms now thank Heaven! there's no law any longer to prevent an honest loyalist from doing as he pleases to these rascally rebels. But yonder is the Major now," suddenly said his host, starting up; "I will introduce you to him at once—a merry fellow you'll find him. Lord love you, he's as brave as a lion."

David, though horrified at the diabolical plot he had heard, saw the necessity of dissembling in order to learn further of the tories' plans, and find means, if possible, to circumvent them. He arose, therefore, and shook the Major's hand warmly; he pledged him immediately in a brimmer; and soon contrived to make the loyalist believe that he was anxious to join a troop and take part against the rebels. This induced the Major to be unusually civil, for he wished to secure so athletic a recruit himself. It was not long before a bargain was concluded between the two. David refused, however, to sign the agreement that night; he pretended that several others of his friends were disaffected and desirous of joining the loyalists; and his object he said, was to secure a commission for himself by inducing them to join. The tempting bait took; the Major promised him a command in his troops in case of success, and David signified his intention of setting forth, after taking a few hours rest, in order to lose no time in gathering together his recruits.

The dread of discovery had been constantly before the eyes of our hero during the management of his negotiation, for the reason that he was well known to many of the Major's troops, and if any of them had come, his feigned name would not have protected him from detection. He wished to get off that night, as he proposed; but to this neither his host or the Major would hear, and he was forced to remain till morning. What was his anguish on rising, to hear that the Major had been gone some hours, and was already on his way to Bunker's, with his troops. Dissembling his anxiety, David partook of a hasty breakfast, and mounting his horse, rode slowly away. But when out of sight of the house, he struck a fierce gallop, which he continued till he came in sight of a cross-road, where was a tavern. Here he stopped, and learning that the loyalists had taken the high road, he turned aside into a narrow and more circuitous one.

"It is my only chance to avoid them," he said, "again dashing into a gallop. "Pray God. I may reach the settlement in time to collect a few of our lads and march to the Bunkers. There is no other hope now left."

Night had fallen as they expected, before the tories were able to reach the vicinity of the house they were in search of. At length, however, after a silent march through the woods, it broke upon their view. A light was burning in one of the windows, and when they arrived close to the premises, the lively notes of a violin reached their ears proving that the brothers were not aware of their presence, but enjoying themselves in imagined security.

"Now, men," whispered the leader of the tories, "when I give the word, fire a volley at the house by way of introducing ourselves; we will then surround the house and enter it."

At this instant the deep bay of a dog rang in their ears, and a large mastiff sprang from under the house and rushed at the Major.

"Fire!" he cried.

Twenty guns broke upon the stillness of the night—the dog fell dead—every pane of glass in the front of the house was shivered, and the tories yelled like savages. In an instant the lights of the house were extinguished—the violin as quickly ceased, and a noise was heard at the door. The tories immediately made a rush at it. But it was already barred, and being made of stout oak plank, resisted all their efforts. A rifle cracked from one of the upper windows, and one of the tories fell, desperately wounded. Another report succeeded and another tory fell, and Major Wilson was fully aware that both Bunkers were at home and wide awake. A shed turned the rain from the front of the house, and underneath this the tories shielded themselves from the fire of the Bunkers, and went to work at the door. Suspecting such resistance—perhaps from his knowledge of their character—one of the men had brought an axe, with which he commenced hewing at the door, and soon cut it to pieces. Here a desperate battle ensued. The two brothers were powerful men, and as courageous as they were strong; and now with clubbed rifles they disputed the entrance of the whole tory force. The door being small they stood their ground for half an hour, felling during that time some of those who had the temerity to enter first, but finally numbers overcame them and they were flung upon the floor and bound. The tories, inflamed by madness at the great resistance which had been made, and at their losses, now seized the mother and sister, and made preparations to hang the two brothers before their eyes. The ropes were already tied around the necks of the victims, when the Major addressed his men:

"Now, friends, as soon as these villians are dead, we will set fire to this house—the old woman there," he said with a brutal laugh, "may be left inside—but the young one I reserve for myself."

"Hist!" cried one of the men in a loud voice. The Major ceased and they heard a voice outside of the house. Although the words were spoken low, the listeners distinctly heard, "when I say fire, give it to them."

A man with blanched cheeks now rushed among them exclaiming—

"The yard is full of men!"

"Fire!" cried a deep voice from the yard—a general volley succeeded, and so well had the aim been directed in the door, that several tories fell, either dead or desperately wounded. In turn, the tories retreated up stairs, when David, our hero, rushed into the room which they had just left, and cut the ropes which bound the two Bunkers and their mother and sister.

"May God Almighty bless you for this!" cried one of the Bunkers.

The two men sprang up, seized their rifles which had been left in the room, and prepared to retaliate the treatment which they had just received.

Long and desperate was the battle. The tories fought for life; the whigs for revenge. But at length the latter triumphed, though not until their enemies had almost been exterminated. The Major fell by the arm of our hero, who sought him out in the hottest of the battle, and engaged him single handed.

No language of ours can express the emotions of David as he pressed his betrothed bride to his bosom; and his heart went up in thankfulness to Heaven for his timely arrival, when he thought that a delay of half an hour longer would have consigned her to a fate worse than death. The gratitude of her brothers was expressed in many words, but her's were silent and tearful, yet, oh! much more gratifying.

"I almost called you a coward, son David," said his father to him, when they met, "but you are a chip of the old block, and I did you wrong. Deborah, he is a boy to be proud of—is he not? You may founder one of my horses every day that you do such a deed—it beats any thing I ever saw in the old French war."

David's gallantry in this act drew around him in a few weeks more than a score of hardy young followers who fought with him to the close of the war, when he returned and was happily married to the heroine of our story.

Arrival of the Cambria.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Cunard steamer Cambria arrived at Boston on Thursday from Liverpool, with advices to the 17th ult. the day of her sailing. The following summary of her news is made up from the New York papers of Saturday morning:

Cotton market remains in a depressed state.

But little activity in the Provision market.

The corn market continues to rise, and the averages to fall. The latter now stand for the week at 14s., but the belief is gaining ground, that before the end of the year, with the advancing market, corn will be admitted at the lowest duty—a shilling per quarter.

The steamer Great Western, Capt. Mathews, 13 days from New York, arrived at Liverpool just as the Cambria left.

The steamer Great Britain reached Liverpool on the 17th of November.

The steamer Hibernia which had put into St. Johns for repair, arrived at Liverpool the day before the sailing of the Cambria.

The sufferings of the people of Ireland were great, on account of the destruction of the potato crop.

The bank of England has raised the rate of discount to 3 1-2 per cent.

American wool appears to command much attention.

Trade in the manufacturing districts is down.

The political news is of very little importance.

Among the passengers in the Cambria, is Professor Morse, the inventor of the electro magnetic telegraph, who is the bearer of very important despatches to Government from the United States Legations in Prussia, Belgium, and England. Mr. Morse has in charge the *ratified treaty* between Bavaria and the U. States, transmitted by Henry Wheaton, United States Minister at Berlin; and also the proposed commercial treaty between Belgium and the United States. He has also despatches for the Department of State, and for the Post Master General, from Louis McLane, United States Minister to England.

Rufus Prime, Esq., of New York, is also a passenger in the Cambria, and bearer of despatches from the United States Legation in Paris to the Department of State.

The Railway Speculations had very generally subsided, and as the frauds and machinery of the operators in fictitious stocks are more fully developed, it appears that the amount of money actually diverted from the usual channels of trade is extremely small.—This circumstance has, to some extent, tended to quiet the money market.

The King of the Belgians has been opening the Chambers in a speech which makes mention of a commercial treaty with the United States; but the details of the treaty have not appeared. The state of the potato crop, and the sufferings which, it is feared, the Belgians will endure in consequence, are to be provided for, the King suggests, by employing the poor on public works.

Meetings have been held in Ireland, to take into consideration the state of the potato crop of the country, and resolutions were passed, and submitted to Sir R. Peel, asking for the opening of the ports; to stop the distillation of grain, and the granting of a loan of a million and a half, to supply their present necessities.

The Cambria, on Wednesday last, boarded and exchanged papers with steamship Britannia, from Boston (2d inst.) for Liverpool.

The great topic among all classes in England is the repeal of the corn laws and open ports.

An English paper says that every mile of railway takes eight acres of good land. The 1800 miles already existing, and 20,000 miles impending, will require the snug quantity of 114,000 acres, without reclaiming any from other roads or canals.

From the Mark Lane Express.

THE CORN TRADE.—The all engrossing topic continues to be the disease in the potatoe crop. The fine weather experienced during the past three or four weeks has been favorable for digging up this root, and the greater proportion has now been raised; the time has therefore arrived at which something like an estimate of the extent of the failure may be formed.—We have been at considerable pains to collect information on this important subject; and from the general tenor of our advices, we fear that the damage is quite as great as it has been represented.

The most serious cause for apprehension is, however the fact that a large proportion of the crop which at the time of raising, appeared sound, has been found not to keep. That such is unfortunately the case has been recently proved by the condition in which many of the cargoes from the north have reached the London market. It is to be presumed that at the time of shipment care was taken to select only such potatoes as were to appearance sound; for it can scarcely be supposed parties making consignments would be so regardless of their own interests as to ship a quality unsuited for a sea voyage.

We consequently take it for granted that every attention was bestowed in selecting the cargoes before the potatoes were put on ship board; if right in this, the condition in which they have arrived certainly affords abundant grounds to fear that a small proportion only of that part of the crop secured in a seeming ly healthy state will be preserved through the winter, unless extraordinary care be taken for their preservation. We have it from good authority that a large number of cargoes of potatoes have within the short space of a fortnight, arrived in the Thames in such a state as to be not only wholly unfit for food, but so completely rotten as not to be worth the freight.

The facts above stated are indisputable, and our only reason for not previously alluding to the same was an unwillingness to increase the excitement so prevalent about a fortnight ago. Matters have since assumed a quieter tone; we think the proper time has arrived for taking into consideration the probable effect of the state of things above described.

The most obvious conclusion, in our opinion, is, that shippers in the Channel Islands, Yorkshire, &c., will alter the experience they have gained from their first shipments, prefer selling their produce at home at a lower price, rather than run the risk of a total loss; and we must therefore expect an early and very material falling off in the arrivals of this useful article of food. Should we be correct in this supposition, the price of potatoes—already high—must shortly rise still higher; and we should certainly not be surprised to see the article more valuable, weight for weight, than some of the lower descriptions of grain, or even bread itself.

Taking into consideration the amount of nutriment contained in the same quantity of wheaten bread and potatoes, it may be even questioned which is the cheapest at present; and under all circumstances, a very large consumption of flour must inevitably take place during the ensuing winter.

The extreme languor which has characterized the trade in wheat for some weeks past has nevertheless continued, and as yet there are but slight symptoms of renewed activity. To what we last week stated as the probable future range of prices we have very little to add. The rise may, however, come sooner than we were then inclined to expect, the probability of a falling off in the supplies of potatoes being a feature we had then scarcely given so much attention as its importance unquestionably deserved.

Meanwhile the trade in Wheat has remained very quiet; and though no material change has occurred in prices at any of the leading provincial markets, an unwillingness to get into stock has been very prevalent; owing to which considerable difficulty has been experienced in disposing of the supplies brought forward by farmers at some of the markets in the agricultural districts.

Of spring corn the deliveries from the growers have been more than equal to the demand, and prices of barley and oats have tended downwards in all parts of the kingdom.

By our advices from Scotland, it appears that the dull accounts from the South had not been without influence on the trade in corn; and both at Edinburg and Glasgow wheat was dull of sale, on Wednesday, whilst oats, barley, &c. were obtainable at reduced terms.

The accounts from Ireland respecting the potatoe disease continue very alarming, but different methods having been adopted to preserve those not attacked, it was hoped a portion of the crop at least would be saved. There, as on this side of the channel, the corn markets had become dull.

Population of Austria.—According to the census of 1843, the whole population of the Austrian monarchy (the army included) at present amounts to 38,000,000. During the last 25 years the increase was 24 per cent.

LIVERPOOL CORN MARKET, *Nov.* 18.—The market at Liverpool has not been very animated. A fair amount of business, however, has been done; and although prices gave way in the early part of the month, they are in a fair way of recovery from the late decline. This remark applies to Wheat, Oats, and Oatmeal in particular. On the 14th instant the market opened with firmness; but being indifferently supplied with choice of samples, speculative disposition having almost subsided, and the millers acting as much as possible on the reserve, the business done was altogether trifling, and the trade closed without animation, barely sustaining the advance previously made. Sack and barrel flour may be quoted 6d to 1s dearer, with a moderately fair sale. Indian Corn without inquiry, and nominally cheaper. Very little Oats or Oatmeal offering; the latter, for retail transactions, advanced 1s per load. A cargo or two of bonded wheat was sold, as well as a small quantity of States Flour, without change in price. The market on the 18th inst. was tolerably well attended, and there was a fair sale for wheats altogether to consumers, at 1d to 2d per 70 lbs. above the rates of that day week. The advance upon new Wheats already noticed was not supported. Flour had but a medium demand; prices, however, were 6d to 1s dearer. Oats and Oatmeal were in moderate demand, and the latter obtained 36s per load for best qualities. Nothing passed in bonded articles.

LONDON CORN EXCHANGE, Nov. 17,—The report gives a good arrival of Grain, particularly of foreign, as having been received during the course of last week. Of Four of our own manufacture, the quantity reported exceeded 5000 sacks, and we had also [illegible] English Grain throughout the week the market was moderately supplied, if we except Barley, which came to hand to the extent of about 6000 quarters. The amount of business transacted during the week was not large, but no disposition was evinced for falling prices, and on the whole rates were fully supported at the end of the week on the few sales made. This morning there was a moderate supply of wheat, fresh up, and a fair arrival of all spring corn. The Wheat trade opened with rather more activity, and fully last weeks rates have been obtained, the general quality of the samples being about the same as on this day week.—Barley has been in moderate request, still prices are on the whole barley so good as on this day week.

In flour or other articles there is no alteration to notice. There has been on the whole, less demand for seeds to day than for some time past.

The arrivals of wheat coastwise into London have been small during the past eight days; but some quantity of the supply of the preceding week having remained unsold, the show at Mark lane has been tolerably good. On Wednesday, the Kentish stands were well filled; but there was not much offering from Essex. The millers acted on the same cautious system as in the beginning of the week, refusing to purchase more than just sufficient for their immediate and pressing wants; factors were not disposed, however, to submit to any other abatement, and the retail business done was at Monday's currency. Later in the week some slight improvement took place in the demand, but the inquiry was not sufficiently active to enable sellers to obtain more money.

IRELAND.—The Commissioners appointed by Government to inquire into the actual condition of the potato crop have presented a second report to the Lord Lieutenant.

A Committee appointed at a public meeting at Dublin passed a series of resolutions.

1. That sufficient evidence of the immense famine exists to render it necessary for the government to take immediate steps to provide food for the people.

2. That the best mode of distributing such food will be by the encouragement of public works of national and local utility.

2. That the Lord Lieutenant be called upon to open the ports for the reception of all articles suited for human food.

4. That the Lord Lieutenant be also called upon to take measures to prevent the exportation of corn from Ireland.

5. That the Lord Lieutenant be called upon to take measures for the establishment of public granaries, in convenient situations, into which the grain shall be received and receipts given for the same at the current prices; and that in the event of famine being averted from this country, the owners of grain so stored shall be permitted to dispose of it at any higher prices that it may be possible to realize in other markets.

6 That the propriety of stopping the distillation of spirits from grain be submitted to the consideration of Government.

7. That the Lord Lieutenant be requested to take measures for raising at least a million in aid of the purposes recommended; and that the payment of the interest and principal be secured upon the receipts of the Commissioner of woods and Forests and Ireland.

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